THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 15, 1793.

Z U L B A R;

AN INDIAN TALE:

By F. FLORIAN.

(*Concluded from Page* 318.)

"IF you will become our friend—if your misfortunes, as I believe they may, have really disgusted you against those pernicious things, which fools only envy, I offer you, with all my heart, the hut which Dabchelim and I constructed. There your days will glide peacefully away; you will be tranquil and unknown. You may, perhaps, be happy in comprehending the force of that great truth I learned from Dabchelim:—It is better to be silent than to speak,—it is better to sit than to stand,—it is better to sleep than to be awake,—the sovereign good is death."

The ant was silent. Zulbar, more affected than surprised with his discourse, accepted his offer with gratitude. The hope of ending his life in an obscure retreat, unknown, filled his heart with transport; but the remembrance of Balkis caused his joy to be intermingled with grief. He proceeded on his way, with the insect for his guide, in order to find Dabchelim; when, having advanced a little way, they heard a loud roar, which terrified Zulbar, and caused him to stop. "Be not afraid," cried the ant, "it is our friend Darud doing some act of justice." They soon arrived at the tuft of thyme, where

where the two friends abode. The firſt object which caught the eye of Zulbar, was a woman who had fainted, near whom was a huge lion, having in his bloody fangs, the body of a man whom he had ſlain. Zulbar uttered a loud cry, and fled back; but in a moment he pauſed, and joy diſſipating his terrors, he ran forward to embrace Balkis. It was ſhe,—it was his ſiſter, who, conducted beyond the dominions of Tipra, had been followed by the ungrateful Faquir, whom Zulbar had introduced at court, and who a long time had been enamoured of his ſiſter. Alone, without aſſiſtance, in the midſt of a foreſt, joined by this villain, ſhe was about to become the victim of his brutality, when the lion Darud, running toward her cries, tore the Faquir in pieces; and then couching at the feet of Balkis, waited with impatience till the uſe of her ſenſes returned.

The care, the aſſiduity, and the voice of Zulbar ſoon reſtored her:—She opened her eyes, and recognized her brother, and, throwing herſelf into his arms, preſſed him a long time to her boſom; then turning to the lion, who regarded them both with a ſoftened eye, both of them hung round his neck, bathing his long mane with tears of gratitude; while the two ants, moved at the ſcene, partook of their feelings, and enjoyed their happineſs.

Dabchelim and the venerable Darud were inſtructed by the firſt ant in the adventures of Zulbar; and promiſed him, as did the prince of Baghnagour, an eternal friendſhip. The brother and ſiſter were conducted by them to the hut where they were to reſide. Darud defended the entrance, while Dabchelim and his friend reſided in the garden. Zulbar, and his beloved Balkis, at length, ſurrounded by reaſonable beings, were convinced, that to be happy, it was only neceſſary to have friends of approved fidelity, and a retreat, obſcure and unknown.

Monthly Agricultural Report for March, 1793.

THE ſpring has hitherto proved highly favourable to the agricultural ſyſtem throughout England; the lands never worked better for Lent ſeed ſowing.

The plants of early beans and barleys look generally healthy; the wheats that eſcaped the worm in the early part of the winter ſeem to ſtock well; thoſe on poor lands are likely to ſuffer from the ſeverity of the eaſterly winds. In the northern

countries,

countries, however, their plants are very promiſing, from the extreme mildneſs of the winter ſeaſon. In the Fens of Lincolnſhire and the Iſle of Ely, they are now buſily employed in getting in their oats, for which their marſhy ſoils are in the higheſt order.

The muſtard and coleſeeds, ſtanding for crops, do not look ſo kindly, in general, as thoſe of the laſt year. Rye, tares, &c. for ſpring ſeed, promiſe great abundance.

The lambing ſeaſon, in the low countries, has proved unfavourable, from the baneful effects of rottenneſs, ſo general among the large flocks.

Smithfield prices for meat are advancing, and it is feared will be much enhanced as the ſpring advances.

New ſtock beaſts, on Epping Foreſt, are very dear, particularly for the Scotch kind.

Remarks on the Iſland of Hinzuan, or Johanna.

By Sir WILLIAM JONES.

(*Continued from Page* 321.)

OUR next viſit was to Shaikh Salim, the King's eldeſt ſon; and if we had ſeen him firſt, the ſtate of civilization in Hinzuan would have appeared at its loweſt ebb: The worſt Engliſh hackney in the worſt ſtable is better lodged, and looks more princely than this heir apparent; but though his mien and apparel were extremely ſavage, yet allowance ſhould have been made for his illneſs, which, as we afterwards learned, was an abſceſs in the ſpleen, a diſorder not uncommon in that country, and frequently cured, agreeable to the Arabian practice, by the actual cautery. He was inceſſantly chewing pieces of the Areca-nut, with ſhell-lime; a cuſtom borrowed I ſuppoſe, from the Indians, who greatly improve the compoſition with ſpices and betel leaves, to which they formerly added camphor:. All the natives of rank chewed it, but not, I think, to ſo great an exceſs. Prince Salim, from time to time, gazed at himſelf with complacency in a piece of broken looking-glaſs, which was glued on a ſmall board, a ſpecimen of wretchedneſs which we obſerved in no other houſe; but many circumſtances convinced us, that the apparently low condition of his Royal Highneſs, who was not on bad terms with his father, and

and ſeemed not to want authority, proceeded wholly from his avarice.

His brother Hamdullah, who generally reſides in the town of Domini, has a very different character, being eſteemed a man of worth, good ſenſe, and learning: He had come the day before to Matſamudo, on hearing that an Engliſh frigate was in the road; and I, having gone out for a few minutes to read an Arabic inſcription, found him, on my return, devouring a manuſcript, which I had left with ſome of the company. He is a Kali, or Mahommedan Judge; and as he ſeemed to have more knowledge than his countrymen, I was extremely concerned that I had ſo little converſation with him. The King, Shaikh Akmed, has a younger ſon, named Abdullah, whoſe uſual reſidence is in the town of Wani, which he ſeldom leaves, as the ſtate of his health is very infirm. Since the ſucceſſion to the title and authority of Sultan is not unalterably fixed in one line, but requires confirmation by the chiefs of the iſland, it is not improbable that they may hereafter be conferred on Prince Hamdullah.

A little beyond the hole in which Salim received us, was his haram, or the apartment of his women, which he permitted us all to ſee, not through politeneſs to ſtrangers, as we believed at firſt, but, as I learned afterwards from his own lips, in expectation of a preſent: We ſaw only two or three miſerable creatures with their heads covered, while the favourite, as we ſuppoſed, ſtood behind a coarſe curtain, and ſhewed her ankles under it loaded with ſilver rings; which, if ſhe was capable of reflection, ſhe muſt have conſidered as glittering fetters rather than ornaments; but a rational being would have preferred the condition of a wild beaſt, expoſed to perils and hunger in a foreſt, to the ſplendid miſery of being wife or miſtreſs to Salim.

Before we returned, Alwi was deſirous of ſhewing me his books; but the day was too far advanced, and I promiſed to viſit him ſome other morning. The Governor, however, prevailed on us to ſee his place in the country, where he invited us to dine the next day: The walk was extremely pleaſant from the town to the ſide of a rivulet, which formed in one part a ſmall pool very convenient for bathing, and thence, through groves and alleys, to the foot of a hill; but the dining-room was little better than an open barn, and was recommended only by the coolneſs of its ſhade. Abdullah would accompany us on our return to the ſhip, together with two Muftis, who ſpoke Arabic indifferently, and ſeemed eager to ſee all my manu-

ſcripts;

ſcripts; but they were very moderately learned, and gazed with ſtupid wonder on a fine copy of the Hamaſah, and on other collections of ancient poetry.

Early the next morning a black meſſenger, with a tawny lad as his interpreter, came from Prince Salim; who, having broken his perſpective-glaſs, wiſhed to procure another by purchaſe or barter; a polite anſwer was returned, and ſteps taken to gratify his wiſhes. As we on our part expreſſed a deſire to viſit the King at Domini, the Prince's meſſenger told us, that his maſter would, no doubt, lend us palanquins (for there was not an horſe in the iſland), and order a ſufficient number of his vaſſals to carry us, whom we might pay for their trouble as we thought juſt: We commiſſioned him, therefore, to aſk that favour, and begged that all might be ready for our excurſion before ſun-riſe, that we might eſcape the heat of the noon, which, though it was the middle of winter, we had found exceſſive.

The boy, whoſe name was Combo Madi, ſtayed with us longer than his companion; there was ſomething in his look ſo ingenuous, and in his broken Engliſh ſo ſimple, that we encouraged him to continue his innocent prattle. He wrote and read Arabic tolerably well, and ſet down at my deſire the names of ſeveral towns in the iſland, which he firſt told me was properly called Hinzuan. The fault of begging for whatever he liked, he had in common with the Governor and other nobles; but hardly in a greater degree: His firſt petition for ſome lavender-water was readily granted; and a ſmall bottle of it was ſo acceptable to him, that, if we had ſuffered him, he would have kiſſed our feet; but it was not for himſelf that he rejoiced ſo extravagantly: He told us, with tears ſtarting from his eyes, that his mother would be pleaſed with it, and the idea of her pleaſure ſeemed to fill him with rapture; never did I ſee filial affection more warmly felt, or more tenderly, and, in my opinion, unaffectedly expreſſed; yet this boy was not a favourite of the officers, who thought him artful. His mother's name, he ſaid, was Fatima; and he importuned us to viſit her; conceiving I ſuppoſe, that all mankind muſt love and admire her. We promiſed to gratify him; and, having made him ſeveral preſents, permitted him to return.

As he reminded me of Aladdin in the Arabian tale, I deſigned to give him that name in a recommendatory letter, which he preſſed me to write, inſtead of St. Domingo, as ſome European viſitor had ridiculouſly called him; but, ſince the alluſion would not have been generally known, and ſince the title of

Alau'ldin,

Alau'ldin, or *Eminence in Faith*, might have offended his ſuperiors, I thought it adviſable for him to keep his African name. A very indifferent dinner was prepared for us at the houſe of the Governor, whom we did not ſee the whole day, as it was the beginning of Ramadan, the Mohammedan Lent, and he was engaged in his devotions, or made them his excuſe; but his eldeſt ſon ſat by us while we dined, together with Muſa, who was employed, jointly with his brother Huſain, as purveyor to the Captain of the frigate.

Having obſerved a very elegant ſhrub that grew about ſix feet high in the court-yard, but was not then in flower, I learned with pleaſure, that it was hinna, of which I had read ſo much in Arabian poems, and which European botaniſts have ridiculouſly named Lawſonia. Muſa bruiſed ſome of the leaves, and, having moiſtened them with water, applied them to our nails, and the tips of our fingers, which in a ſhort time became of a dark orange ſcarlet. I had before conceived a different idea of this dye, and imagined, that it was uſed by the Arabs to imitate the natural redneſs of thoſe parts in young and healthy perſons, which in all countries muſt be conſidered as a beauty: Perhaps a leſs quantity of hinna, or the ſame differently prepared, might have produced that effect. The old men in Arabia uſed the ſame dye to conceal their gray hair, while their daughters were dyeing their lips and gums black, to ſet off the whiteneſs of their teeth: So univerſal in all nations and ages are perſonal vanity, and a love of diſguiſing truth; though, in all caſes, the farther our ſpecies recede from nature, the farther they depart from true beauty; and men at leaſt ſhould diſdain to uſe artifice or deceit for any purpoſe or on any occaſion: If the women of rank at Paris, or thoſe in London who wiſh to imitate them, be inclined to call the Arabs barbarians; let them view their own head-dreſſes and cheeks in a glaſs, and if they have left no room for bluſhes, be inwardly at leaſt aſhamed of their cenſure.

In the afternoon I walked a long way up the mountains in a winding path amid plants and trees no leſs new than beautiful, and regretted exceedingly that very few of them were in bloſſom, as I then ſhould have leiſure to examine them. Curioſity led me from hill to hill; and I came at laſt to the ſources of a rivulet, which we had paſſed near the ſhore, and from which the ſhip was to be ſupplied with excellent water. I ſaw no birds on the mountain but Guinea fowl, which might have been eaſily caught; no inſects were troubleſome to me but moſquitos; and I had no fear of venomous reptiles, having been aſſured

that

that the air was too pure for any to exiſt in it; but I was often unwillingly a cauſe of fear to the gentle and harmleſs lizard, who ran among the ſhrubs. On my return I miſſed the path, by which I had aſcended; but having met ſome blacks laden with yams and plantains, I was by them directed to another, which led me round, through a charming grove of cocoa-trees, to the Governor's country ſeat, where our entertainment was cloſed by a ſillabub, which the Engliſh had taught the Muſſelmen to make for them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GENERAL REVIEW *of* EUROPEAN POLITICS.

For MARCH, 1793.

THE annals of ancient or modern times have ſeldom preſented ſcenes of greater miſery, or exhibited proſpects of more laſting calamity, than thoſe which the preſent era affords. Amidſt the deſolation which reigns around him, the benevolent inquirer can ſcarcely ſelect one ſpot on which his eye can dwell with complacency, or ſpecify one action he can honour with approbation. As a politician, he ſhrinks at one moment from the approach of anarchy, and trembles at another for the eſtabliſhment of deſpotiſm; the proſperity of the former produces much apprehenſion, and the ſucceſſes of the latter inſpire no conſolation, while we are condemning the iniquitous contrributions levied upon Antwerp by Dumourier, we are reminded of the rapacious exactions of Cobourg at Aix-la-Chapelle; and before we have ceaſed to execrate the aggrandiſing ambition of France, this country may become the ſpectator of the partition of the new republic, and perhaps participate in the ſpoil.

When we examine the character of the different nations of Europe, among ſome of them we hear lofty declamations on religion and morality from their pulpits and ſenates, though infidelity lurks in the heart, and profligacy directs the life; and behold a people ſhunning the yawning abyſs, yet playfully wantoning on its brink; while among other principles of atheiſm are profeſſed, homilies inculcating it are taught, and ſentiments and actions, operating in dreadful uniſon, create univerſal confuſion. The deluſive expectations of peace and tranquillity with which mankind were feeding their imaginations, add a deeper gloom to the ſpectacles which are now diſplaying;

the mind, exhaufted in hopes long deferred, and at length dif-appointed, languifhes in activity, or finks into depreffion; par-takes in the angry paffions which divide the world, or abandons its concerns as unworthy of notice, and beneath attention.

There are objects, however, of fufficient magnitude to chal-lenge obfervation, and convey inftruction; and pofterity has a right to expect the moft accurate information concerning them, however unpleafant the narration may be, and however melan-choly the reflections to which it gives rife. The warlike ope-rations on the continent, the internal affairs of France, the condition of the northern powers, and the fituation of Great-Britain, furnifh ample matter of fpeculation; and a flight furvey of them will form the political review of thè laft month.

The fubjugation of the United Provinces feems to have been the favourite project of the French General. When we confider the vigour, ability, and fuccefs, with which, at the head of a defperate and undifciplined army, he repulfed the ar-mies of Auftria and Pruffia, when we attend him at the battle of Jemappes, and through the conqueft of the Netherlands, we are compelled to admire his talents, and tremble for the effect of his fchemes. The ftruggles between the ariftocracy and the Stadtholder, which have divided the inhabitants of Holland from the foundation of the republic, and the difguft which had been excited by the interference of Great-Britain and Pruffia in favour of the latter, infpired him with the hope of raifing dif-fenfions among the people he was marching to fubdue. No fooner had the National Convention given a fanction to his meafures, by a declaration of war, than he obtained Breda by treachery, took Gertruydenberg by capitulation, and boafted of terminating the conqueft by the fall of Amfterdam.

But a ftop was fpeedily put to this career of victory: The Dutch, recovering from the furprife into which this fudden in-vafion had thrown them, animated by the promptnefs and energy with which their allies haftened to affift them, and convinced of the neceffity of forgetting private animofities to preferve the property and lives of individuals, and the independence of the community, prepared to defend their country with all that ob-ftinacy of valour, and firmnefs of refolution, which have ever been the diftinguifhing characteriftics of that nation. The garrifon of Williamftadt withftood every effort of the French arms, and Dumourier was obliged to retire with precipitation and difgrace, leaving the conduct of the fiege to a legion of difcontented Batavians, and the volunteers who followed his

regular troops. Scarcely had Miranda ſat down before Maeſtricht, and ſummoned the Governor to ſurrender, when Prince Frederick of Brunſwick arrived to its aſſiſtance, defeated the enemy, and ſaved him from the danger. The Auſtrians awakening from the inactivity into which they were plunged, ſurpriſed the French in Aix-la-Chapelle, drove them from the city of Liege, and the biſhop of that diſtrict returned in triumph to his palace, before the deputies of this new department could arrive at the place of their deſtination.

But the generaliſſimo of the commonwealth ſtill remained unſubdued; he rallied around him the ſcattered battalions he had ſo often led to conqueſt and honour, and reſolved to make a final ſtand againſt his ſucceſsful antagoniſts. But fortune ſtill continued to frown on the arms of France; the courage of her troops, and the ſkill of their leader, were vainly oppoſed to the diſciplined valour of the Imperialiſts; the laurels of Jemappes withered on the plains of Tirlemont, and the triumph of Cobourg and Clairfait has altered the fate of the Low Countries, and changed the deſtiny of Europe. On the banks of the Rhine the tremendous force of the Germanic body is about to be put in motion, and the weakened army of Cuſtine will probably be the firſt victim of its operation. The enfeebled monarch of Spain is about to exert the laſt effort of his declining ſtrength to avenge the cauſe of the murdered Louis; the united navies of Great Britain and Holland are preparing to deſtroy the maritime of the republic; and the National Convention oppoſes to theſe multiplied dangers a raſhneſs which borders upon inſanity, an enthuſiaſm which conſumes without invigorating, and a perſeverance which muſt end in deſtruction.

The clouds in which the internal government of our unhappy neighbours is involved, are not likely to diſſipate. The conſtitution which had been framed by the committee appointed for that purpoſe, has been treated with diſreſpect, and appears to be ſinking into oblivion. Like every other ſcheme which the French legiſlators have preſented to their country, it may pleaſe the iſolated obſerver in his cloſet, but poſſeſſes no cementing bond to unite the diſcordant maſs of human opinion, prejudice, and paſſion. In eſtabliſhing an ideal equality, it gives a decided ſuperiority to preſumptuous vice over unaſſuming integrity; in providing for the poor, it tramples on the rights of the richer claſſes of ſociety; and in endeavouring to check the exceſſes of arbitrary power, burſts the bands of ſubordination, and prevents the operation of legiſlative enactments.

ments. The organization of the executive council is injudicious, and the method of its appointment almost impracticable.

It is perhaps one of the most difficult political problems to ascertain the mode of vesting a competent portion of executient authority in a particular body, without infringing upon general freedom. In some countries it has been effected by creating various artificial ranks in the community, which inspire submission without injuring liberty, and command respect without requiring servility. As the Constituent Assembly in the first instance, and the National Convention in imitation of their example, refused to adopt any project of this nature; it only remained for them, by impressing on the minds of their fellow-citizens the clearest perceptions of moral beauty and deformity to demonstrate the necessity of submitting to the laws, and to display the advantages resulting from obedience. Instead, however, of pursuing this course, the unbridled licentiousness of character which pervades the majority of the Convention, and the captious jealousy it has entertained of ministers nominated by itself, must have disseminated among the people of France the opinion, that exemption from all restraint is happiness, and to punish those who dare to impose it is virtue.

Another fundamental error in this plan is the facility with which it may be altered: the formers of this constitutional code were probably unwilling to risk the perpetual felicity of their republic on the issue of an untried speculation, and have therefore delegated to its inhabitants the power of calling a National Convention, in virtue of certain privileges denominated Rights of Censorship; and likewise imposed it upon the legislative body as an absolute duty, after twenty years, to summon a Convention to revise and amend the constitution. According to these provisions, the intrinsic excellence of a government is to be estimated according to the ease with which it may be changed; nothing which is permanent can be useful; and the reason, philosophy, and rights, which at present illuminate the world, are the fleeting ephemera of the day, which flutter for a moment before the meridian sun, but sink with the shades of the evening into forgetfulness and annihilation.

But perhaps it is needless to speculate on a scheme which probably will never be adopted; for the party which espouses the interest of Egalité is daily gaining such an accession of strength, that we may soon behold that infamous miscreant at the head of the republic. The military prowess of Dumourier,

mourier, and the formidable army which he once commanded, counterbalanced, in ſome degree, the predominating influence of this deſperate faction; but an officer who has ſurvived his reputation and forces diminiſhed and diſpirited by defeat, will form a feeble barrier againſt the growing power and increaſing confidence of its numerous adherents. Some ill-concerted attempts have been made, in different parts of the country, to reſtore the aboliſhed monarchy; but the men who conducted them wanted vigour and unanimity, while their opponents are kept together by the ſenſe of mutual intereſt, and ſeek, by the cloſeſt conjunction, to eſcape thoſe puniſhments which a ſeparation might enable an abuſed and deluded nation to inflict.

The mind which is unpolluted by that geographical pity which is confined in its operation to climate, ſoil, or local ſituation, muſt pay the ſincereſt tribute of ſympathetic ſorrow to the beggared inhabitants of Poland and its degraded ſovereign. An adminiſtration which has entered into war to preſerve the balance of power, cannot behold with indifference a new diviſion of that country between Auſtria, Pruſſia, and Ruſſia.— A nation which is proud of its freedom cannot approve the ſubjugation of a people whoſe only fault was defending their conſtitution with more courage than diſcretion.

Before the late endeavour to meliorate the government of Poland it exhibited a ſingular mixture of ſlavery with republicaniſm, and liberty with deſpotiſm; a form of policy which was the joint reſult of feudal oppreſſion and Aſiatic tyranny.— The King was willing to relinquiſh part of the prerogative to improve the general condition of his ſubjects; but the power of arbitrary domination over their numerous vaſſals, was an uſurpation too valuable to be ſurrendered by the nobility; and the uncontrolled poſſeſſion of this privilege under the ſway of Catherine, was preferred to the mild exerciſe of authority under the ſuperintendance of Staniſlaus. Checked by domeſtic faction, and overwhelmed by ſuperior foreign force, this Prince was compelled to acquieſce in terms of pacification to which nothing but the wiſh of ſaving himſelf and his country from deſtruction could have juſtified his ſubmiſſion.

But even in this hope he is deſtined to meet with diſappointment. His formidable neighbour, the King of Pruſſia, whoſe hatred for the republic of France can only be exceeded by his attachment to the commonwealth of Poland, has lately marched an army into the territories of the latter ſtate, and ſeems reſolved to co-operate with the Empreſs. Every action of this monarch's life originates in private or political weakneſs. In

the earlier part of his career we behold him squandering the treasures which the œconomy of his illustrious predecessor had amassed, with the most thoughtless profusion, and at the present juncture sacrificing one part of his forces to the House of Austria, the ancient rival of his family, and endeavouring with another to facilitate the schemes of an ambitious potentate, of whose greater influence, and more ample resources, he will probably be the first victim. Invigorated as Russia has been by the transcendant talents of five successive sovereigns, possessing armies which unite the ferocity of barbarism with the coolness of discipline, and commanding an extent of territory which can supply every want, and provide for every emergency, nothing appears to have been requisite to pave her way to universal conquest but the general discord which pervades this quarter of the globe. And should this war continue, perhaps the time is not far distant when, according to the prediction of the philosophic citizen of Geneva, Russia will overrun the other states of Europe, and the Colmucs and Samoiodes erect their huts on the ruins of Paris and London.

Though the declaration of war on the part of France may have exempted ministers from the necessity of distinguishing the case of Great Britain from that of the combined powers, yet it is to be hoped that, for the honour of the nation, they will observe a distinction. As the protection of the States of Holland, the vindication of their right to the exclusive navigation of the Scheldt, and the relinquishment of the conquests made by the Generals of France, were the sole objects of our entering upon the contest, when they are obtained, hostilities ought to terminate. To punish the crimes committed in that country, would be arrogating the privilege of omnipotence; and to regulate its internal government, or direct the opinions which should be adopted by its inhabitants, would be a violation of the law of nations, and an infringement of the unalienable right of private judgement.

Recent occurrences may give the lover of peace some reason to hope that Great-Britain will extend the olive branch almost as soon as she has drawn the sword, and, dropping the narrow views which arise from contracted alliances and partial friendships, assume the more illustrious character of promoter of universal tranquillity and harmony. Flourishing as the condition of our finances may be, and ably as they are managed by the present servants of the crown, yet we must lament every occasion which calls for additional taxes, or demands the continuance of those already imposed. The alarming failures

which

which have lately taken place, diſcover the expediency of uſing every method to preſerve that confidence between government and individuals, and man and man, which is the ſole foundation of commercial proſperity. And though theſe bankruptcies are not directly attributable to the war in which we are engaged, yet it is to be apprehended that its continuance will increaſe their number, and enhance the evils with which they are attended. The government of our eaſtern poſſeſſions, the regulation of the trade to thoſe regions, and thoſe juſt and neceſſary amendments in the conſtitution and civil policy of the kingdom, which wiſdom can no longer refuſe, and power no longer withhold, are objects of peculiar importance at the preſent criſis; and we truſt that the loyalty, zeal, and patience of the people will meet with an ample reward in the affection, patriotiſm, and integrity of our rulers.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On PATRIOTISM.

(Concluded from Page 326.)

THE love of our country, as deſcribed in the former part of this eſſay, appears lovely and deſirable, I hope, to all who contemplated it; but then let it be remembered that philoſophy and Chriſtianity teach us, that our country (however dear to us) is not to engroſs the whole of our love. Such is the temper and genius of that benevolent religion we profeſs, that it inſtructs its diſciples to look upon every inhabitant of the world as their neighbour and brother, and rejoice in the happineſs of all. While then we cultivate a proper regard for the nation to which we belong, let us be careful we do not wiſh its proſperity to the diſadvantage and ruin of others, or attempt any meaſures for its advancement inconſiſtent with juſtice and honour. In one reſpect we ſhould conſider ourſelves as citizens of the world; while, therefore, we are thankful for the bleſſings, civil and religious, we enjoy, we ought to take pleaſure in ſeeing theſe bleſſings extended to others; we ſhould be unworthy of them ourſelves if we did not earneſtly wiſh they might be common to all our fellow creatures. A deſire to be free ſeems now to pervade almoſt every boſom; even thoſe who have long been enſlaved, and who a little while ſince gloried in their fetters, appear now to be aſhamed of their late inglorious ſervitude, and long for the dignity and privileges of free men.

But

But while we cherifh an affectionate regard for every nation under Heaven, while we grieve with thofe who grieve under the galling chains of flavery, and rejoice with all who rejoice in being happily freed from them; ftill I muft recommend the duty of patriotifm, and call upon all my fellow fubjects, efpecially in thefe days of alarm and danger, to fhow a particular regard to their own country for the following reafons.

First—Our own country is more particularly entrufted to our care, and we are (by dwelling in it, and being converfant in its affairs) more capable of contributing to its prefervation and profperity.—Though all the nations of the earth are made of one blood; though they are all brethren, and ought to entertain a wifh for univerfal happinefs, yet as it is impoffible for each to grafp the whole, or to exercife its benevolent care over all the families of the earth; therefore is the grand mafs of mankind divided into feparate communities, and thefe communities into diftinct families, and thefe families compofed of various individuals. Now in the great plan of Providence, though it is defigned that each fhould defire the happinefs of all, and that all fhould defire the happinefs of each, yet every one muft contribute to the grand fund of happinefs of which all are to partake, by paying a particular regard to the promotion of that degree of happinefs, which lies within his own particular fphere.—Thus individuals muft of neceffity pay the firft attention to themfelves; they are committed by the decree of Heaven to their own care; it is their bufinefs to attend to their own wants and interefts; thefe come more efpecially within their own cognizance; this is that part of the public happinefs which is more particularly appointed to them to attend to; when they have paid a proper regard to themfelves, they are then to extend their notice to their families, their friends, and neighbours; thefe alfo are, by the appointment of Providence, deftined to be the marked objects of their attention, and to the advancement of their welfare are they by duty bound more particularly to devote themfelves. In the fame manner and for the fame reafons they fhould extend their regard to the community to which they belong, in preference to any other community whatever. Here is their fphere of ufefulnefs; this is the portion of the grand field of public happinefs, which it is their bufinefs particularly to cultivate and render fruitful.

Though therefore in the eye of abftract philofophy all nations are alike, and all nations equally claim our love and regard, yet according the philofophy of human nature our own

country

country is our particular concern; for it is that with which we are moſt converſant, to which we are moſt nearly related, and in the promotion of whoſe intereſts we are moſt capable of exerting ourſelves, and therefore ſhould claim, though not our excluſive, yet our principal attention and regard.

Secondly—The inhabitants of this country have a peculiar inducement to patriotiſm, as they are favoured with ſo plentiful a land, and with ſo excellent a government.

Heaven has peculiarly diſtinguiſhed this country with its favours—our hills are covered with flocks, and our vallies (in proper ſeaſon) with corn; our garners, through the winter, are generally filled with all manner of ſtores; our ſheep bring forth plentifully; our oxen are ſtrong to labour; and our fields, from year to year, yield their increaſe.—Thus are we favoured with the rich productions of our own country, and in conſequence of our inſular ſituation we are eaſily furniſhed by the ſea with the produce of almoſt every other country under Heaven. But what are theſe when compared to the more valuable bleſſings we enjoy of civil and religious liberty? every man ſitteth down under his own vine and fig tree, none daring to make him afraid; the rich dare not oppreſs the poor; the courts of law are open to every one, in which juſtice is adminiſtered with equal hand to the beggar and the Prince. But what is moſt to be rejoiced in is the toleration which is granted to all ſects and parties; every one is permitted to worſhip God agreeably to the dictates of his conſcience, without interruption from the magiſtrate, and without the leaſt inſult from the populace; and ſuch is the general ſpirit of the various inhabitants of this land, and ſuch their prevailing candour, that let but a man act as an honeſt, induſtrious, peaceful citizen, of whatever perſuaſion he may be, he will be in general reſpected and loved.—It would be needleſs to run over the vaſt advantages of a civil and religious nature which Britons enjoy above all other nations of the earth; but enough has been already ſaid to ſhow us that the land wherein we dwell is a favoured land, and deſerves, to a very high degree, our affection and regard.

Laſtly—I would recommend patriotiſm from its happy effects on the mind which cheriſhes it—a love of our country is good, not only for our country's ſake, and that we might be diſpoſed to do all that lies in our power for its ſupport and proſperity, but for our own ſake, as we ſhall find it a ſource of pleaſure in our own boſom, by giving us an intereſt in public affairs, and diſpoſing us heartily to rejoice in every interpoſition

of Providence in behalf of the community to which we belong—but especially as it will be found the happy means of drawing us out of ourselves, of widening our hearts, extending our principles of benevolence, and disposing us more readily to perform great, generous, and public spirited actions.—Genuine patriotism (my countrymen) is not only a virtue itself, but certainly leads to the practice of many other virtues—patriotism is a plant of such a nature, that it can take a deep root only in the best of soils; and where this flourishes there will flourish also a noble disdain of every little, mean, sordid, selfish principle, and a love of what is amiable, great, and good.

[*The further communications of this correspondent will be respectfully attended to.*]

HOW TO MAKE EXCUSES.

"Why should Excuse be born, or e'er begot?"

CYMBELINE.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH there is not a more useful accomplishment in genteel life, than *the art of making excuses*, I don't recollect that it has ever been made the subject of a popular essay, or that any rules have been laid down to render it more familiar "to the meanest capacities." I am the more surprised at this, because, independent of its great utility, it is an art very difficult to acquire, and most people, I believe, are disposed to allow that bungling excuses are very common things, and at the same time very disgraceful and easily detected.

There is scarcely an hour in our lives, that we do not find it necessary to offer an excuse, either for something we have done, or for something we have not done; for something we have neglected to begin, or something we have forgot to complete; for something required of us, or something which we should have required of others. In my youth, I was strictly admonished never to be without an excuse, but to put a good face upon the matter, and always to have something to say for myself.—On these three points, the whole excusatory or apologetic art depends. Nor was I long engaged in business or pleasure, (for these are now generally mixed in pretty decent proportions) before I found how useful it was to play the one

against the other; and between the two, I aſſure you, Sir, I have not been without an excuſe for the laſt thirty years. Indeed, there are no men who can ſo eaſily contrive excuſes as men of trade, if they will but unite pleaſure with it. The contending demands of theſe oppoſites is a fine ſource of apologies. Even trade itſelf affords us no ſmall ſupply of admirable *put-offs*; but then you know, Sir, one would not always plead buſineſs, leſt it might be thought vulgar and mechanical.

In writing letters, for inſtance, what an inexhauſtible excuſe have we in the going out of the poſt? This will anſwer, either for our neglecting to write at all, for writing too briefly, or for writing unintelligibly. Of many thouſand letters I have received in my time, I do not recollect above a dozen which did not conclude with theſe irrefragable words: "But as the poſt is *juſt* going off, I remain, &c. &c." What a convenient thing it is, and what a happy choice of time and circumſtances, to write always "*juſt* as the poſt is going out;" to fold up one's letter to the melody of his horn; and hurry it into his bag with an air of conſequential buſtle, and expeditious importance! What a ſaving of time and labour, thus to poſtpone a thing, until labour becomes uſeleſs, and time cannot be permitted!

It is commonly ſuppoſed, that the emptineſs of our churches on a Sunday morning, proceeds from the infidelity and irreligion of the age, from abſolute contempt, or wilful negligence.—Let me do the age juſtice—This is not the caſe; for I have put the queſtion a thouſand times to ſome friends of mine, (who, by the bye, have a thouſand times given me the opportunity) but they always had an excuſe ready which ſtopt my mouth: "The hair-dreſſer did not come at the hour appointed."—This, Mr. Editor, I would have you attend to. It is one of the boldeſt ſtrokes in the whole art of excuſing, and although performed every Sunday in the year, with unbounded applauſe, will, I verily believe, never tire or be worn out.—Thus you ſee, Sir, there are two ſorts of men who do infinite miſchief to his Majeſty's liege ſubjects. The poſtmen hinders them from writing their letters; and the hair-dreſſer ſpoils their devotion. And when we conſider that poſtmen are actually in the pay of government, and that hair dreſſers are at leaſt connived at under our conſtitution, all oppoſition is in vain, and therefore we muſt allow that theſe excuſes are exceeding good.

 But

But poſtmen and barbers are not the only inſtruments of delay, parents of procraſtination, and begetters of apologies. Taylors and ſhoemakers, a very uſeful body of men, are, I am ſorry to ſay it, to incur a very great ſhare of blame. My ſon cannot ſtep as far as the Bank or the Cuſtom-houſe, becauſe his new boots are not come home; and my dinner has often been ſpoiled, becauſe the taylor forgot to put a ſcarlet cape on the coat of my principal gueſt. One gentleman cannot take a ride, becauſe his buckſkin breeches are not ready, and another, becauſe his are juſt gone to be cleaned. Happy is it for us, Sir, that we can draw excuſes from matters ſo eaſily comprehended, and which every body muſt allow to be proper; for who can ſit down in company without a coat, or take a ride in the indecent *garb* of a *ſans culotte?*

My wife, as worthy a woman as lives, is a remarkable proficient in excuſes, whether at home or abroad. When we ſee company, all her converſation at dinner is a ſtring of excuſes, followed by a proportional collection of compliments from our friends. And, what really ſometimes provokes me not a little (though I dare not ſay any thing) ſhe will make as many excuſes for a diſh that is on the table, as for the abſence of one, which it was not in her power to preſent, and is eternally contending, by every excuſe ſhe can invent, that there is not a thing worth eating, even while ſhe is cramming the gueſts with every thing, and they are anſwering her importunities, by doing ample juſtice to the feaſt.

When ſhe is to go out with me, ſhe finds a hundred excuſes for being too late.—The gown ſhe *muſt* wear, wants airing: She can't find her gloves, though ſhe has ſearched the whole houſe for them; that is, every place where they were not to be found; and when all has been adjuſted, ſhe diſcovers that there is a ſmall rent, almoſt inviſible, in the ſouth-eaſt corner of her handkerchief.—Theſe are internals. Now for externals—the ſervant is juſt gone for a coach, and conſequently is not yet returned—or is returned, and there is no coach on the ſtand—then Will is deſired to go and get one at any rate; and after all, it is well if we get into the coach without tearing part of the flounce, forgetting the fan, or diſcompoſing the architectural regularity of a ſide curl.

It was but laſt week, we made up a party of pleaſure to go to Hampton. Two ladies were detained by the aforeſaid hairdreſſer, the extent of whoſe miſchief is not confined to Sunday only.—One gentleman's horſe had been blooded that morning, and he was gone to hire or borrow another.—A ſe-

could

co..d had ſome very particular buſineſs, but he would overtake us in half an hour.—My ſon had not finiſhed a bill of parcels, which I bid him write out two days before. The gentleman, who was the firſt mover of our expedition, had ſuch a violent head-ach, that it was thought neceſſary he ſhould "take ſomething;"—and his brother, a very agreeable man, was ſeized ſo violently, that it was thought neceſſary he ſhould "part with ſomething."—In this crippled ſtate, two hours after the time appointed, our party ſet out; but with the ſingularly comfortable reflection, that every body abſent had ſent very good excuſes. I ſhould mention, that a very violent rain joined our party on the road; the only thing for which no excuſe was offered.

I have ſometimes thought, Mr. Printer, though with ſubmiſſion, that this art of excuſing, when carried too far (for every thing may be carried to an extreme) treſpaſſes a little on the art of making ſomething that is expreſſed by a very unpolite monoſyllable, which I therefore ſuppreſs. My acquaintance, John Rattle, Eſq. one of the ableſt apologiſts I ever knew, aſſured me that he had no recollection of having, in any one inſtance, been without an excuſe. Judging of Jack's talent by my own (and I believe our genius is pretty much upon a par) I could not help ſuggeſting to him, one evening, that I did not ſee how he was able to accompliſh all this without a little of—you know what—"No, no, my dear boy," anſwered Jack, "not a *lie*, no, no, I ſcorn that—only a kind of a white lie—a ſort of *bounce*—you underſtand me?"—I know that Jack will be engaged to dine at three places, and yet content himſelf with a mutton chop at home. Then follow a ſtring of excuſes.—To one, "he was obliged to go into the country"—to another, "he was obliged to wait at home for a country gentleman,"—and to a third, "he was ſo ſuddenly ſeized with the tooth-ach, that he was obliged to ſend for a ſurgeon, juſt as he was going to dreſs, who, above all things, inſiſted that he ſhould not expoſe himſelf to the air."

Jack's character, however, in ſpite of his great ſkill in the art of excuſing, is a little tainted. The pleaſure of his company occaſions it to be in high demand, and he is ever ready with a faithful promiſe; but no perſon, who has the leaſt knowledge of him, expects that he will keep his appoinment. Some of his friends, who are tender of his honour, often beg that he will not give it under his hand that he will fulfill his engagement, but chooſe rather to leave it as a debt of honour, without any valid ſecurity. The conſequence is, that where-

ever Jack appears, he disappoints expectation; and when he keeps his word, it is generally concluded, that something very extraordinary must have happened.

The only other branch of the apolegetic art, which I shall touch upon in this letter, is the art of *forgetting*. This is of very great consequence. It will often succeed when every other method has failed; and, like a quack medicine, may be taken "without loss of time or hindrance of business." It is of singular service to those half-formed people, who have not genius or invention for the higher efforts of the art. Hence, it is of peculiar use to servants of all descriptions, whose memories are singularly possessed of certain amiable domestic deficiencies. Whatever some people may say in praise of a prompt memory, it is a much more difficult thing to learn to forget on certain occasions; for instance, to forget when it is not convenient that we should remember. This is a contrivance beyond all the powers of memory, and is only to be acquired by long practice, and by carefully erasing from our brains those marks, which some philosophers tell us our ideas make, and which constitute memory.

While every year we are presented with an increased variety of memorandum books, each better than that which went before, I wonder that no enterprising man has published an *Obliviendum* book, in which we might set down every thing that it is proper or convenient to forget. What is proper and what is convenient, are precisely the same thing in a manageable memory. If you, Sir, know of any bookseller, who will speculate on a scheme of this kind, I shall be very happy to give him a few hints drawn from actual experience, and, indeed, every assistance in my power to further so useful and desirable a work. I must tell you, however, that it will require some capital to engage in such an undertaking, because it must be printed on a very extensive plan. For one column of *engagements*, we must have at least five of *excuses*; and if we faithfully record every thing we forget, *i. e.* choose to forget, the number will exceed that of the things we remember, by at least ten times.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

MARTIN MOLLIFY.

March 26, 1793.

Answer,

Anſwer, by James Traer, of Truro, to Thomas Gill's Anagram, inſerted January 28.

WITH pleaſure I now do declare
Your rebus, kind Sir, is a CHAIR.

‡*† We have received the like anſwer from J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Carey; E. G. of Truro; T. Croggon, and R. Uren junior, of Grampound; R. Tucker, of Broadwinſor; G. S. near St. Auſtle; J. Brown, of Mr. Tucker's ſchool at Broadwinſor; J. K. C. near Wells; T. Gill junior, of Stythians; W. Brewer, of Taunton; W. R. of Treneague, in St. Stephens; and a Friendly Society, and T. Giles, of Bridgewater.

A QUESTION, *by Curioſus, of Bath.*

WHAT number is that which being added to the cube root of its ſquare will make it 12.

A REBUS, *by E. Giddy, of Truro.*

AN element pray firſt unfold;
The act of kindling muſt be told;
A number alſo muſt be found;
And next a weight below a pound;
A grain with eaſe I'd have you tell;
And laſt one that by Herc'les fell:
The whole when join'd, plac'd in a row,
A place in Suſſex it will ſhow.

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‡‖‡ *Our Correſpondents who ſend Queſtions, Enigmas, Charades, Rebuſſes, or Anagrams, are requeſted to ſend with them their genuine Solutions, as otherwiſe we ſhall not chuſe to inſert them.*

*** *Enigmatical liſts of the names of young ladies generally give offence, and cannot, therefore, have place.*

‖‡‖ *Our Correſpondents are requeſted to obſerve that it is expected they ſhould pay the Poſtage of their Letters, and that otherwiſe they will not ſee what they ſend inſerted.*

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Reflections upon hearing the Bell toll for the Death of a Friend.

HARK! what a mournful, ſolemn ſound
Rolls murm'ring thro' the cloudy air;
It ſtrikes the ſoul with awe profound,
Affects the gay,—alarms the fair.

With what a pathos does it ſpeak!
Affecting deep the thoughtful mind;
The golden ſchemes of folly break,
That hold in glitt'ring ſnares mankind.

'Tis Death's dread herald calls aloud,
Proclaims his conqueſt thro' the ſkies;
The ſun retires behind a cloud,
And nature ſeems to ſympathize.

Reflect, ye reſtleſs ſons of care!
Your vain deſigns his hand can ſpoil;
Make hard oppreſſors lend an ear,
And wretched miſers ceaſe their toil.

For what avail vaſt heaps of gold,
When Death his awful writ ſhall ſend,
Tho' folly ſwell, and pride look bold,
The maſk muſt drop, the farce muſt end.

It is not hoary, tott'ring age,
That now lies ſtretch'd beneath his ſtroke;
The tyrant ſtern that feels his rage;
Th' oppreſſor's rod that now is broke.

But oh!—'tis gen'rous Cynthio's bell!
Fall'n in his prime of youthful bloom;

For

For Cynthio ſounds the doleful knell,
And calls him to the ſilent tomb.

But Cynthio's virtues ne'er can die,
They leave a grateful, rich perfume;
And now tranſplanted to the ſky,
In Heaven's immortal gardens bloom.

And hark!—Ah! what celeſtial notes,
With grateful accents charm my ear,
As down th' ethereal muſic floats,
The ſun breaks forth, the ſkies are clear.

From Heaven deſcends the joyful ſtrain,
Convey'd to earth on angel's wings;
To mitigate our grief and pain,
And this the theme of joy it brings:

"Thus write (the voice from Heaven proclaims),
"The virtuous dead are ever bleſt!
"Their works immortalize their names;
"Their labours ceaſe, and here they reſt.

"Behold, the Saviour wide diſplay,
"The trophies of his gen'rous love,
"To chear you thro' life's thorny way,
"And lead to flowery realms above.

"'Tis he deſtroys Death's baneful ſting,
"And bids the grave's dread horrors fly;
"The choirs of Heav'n his triumph ſing,
"And hail him victor thro' the ſky."

J. D.

Tranſlation of Mr. Gray's celebrated Alcaic Ode on the Chartreuſe.

[From Holder's Miſcellaneous Poems.]

HAIL, genius of this ſolemn ſcene!
Whate'er thy name! for ſurely dwells
More than mortality within
Theſe ancient, ſolitary cells,
Theſe awful rocks, theſe frowning ſteeps,
Theſe pathleſs craggs, and thund'ring deeps,

These gloomy groves eternal night,
Some sacred presence sure invite.

Some hallow'd form's abode we see,
In Nature's wild fantastic road;
For 'tis her grand simplicity
That marks a Deity's abode:
Not the vain fabrics of the great,
The proud pavilion's glitt'ring state,
Tho' Phidias' hand, with matchless art,
Its sculptur'd prodigies impart.

Oh! if this humble song thine ear
Approve, on my sequester'd head
Deign, in the envy'd quiet here,
Thy silent influence to shed.
But should my harder fate controul
This darling purpose of my soul;
And, plunging 'mid the storms of life,
My youth reluctant doom to strife:

Yet may at least my drooping age
(Cool'd every passion in my breast)
" Find out some peaceful hermitage,"
Where the tir'd traveller may rest:
Where, free from every care and pain,
Far from the noisy walks of men,
Death may my weary eyelids close,
In the soft arms of calm repose.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Epitaph for a remarkable Country Parish Clerk.

By Pindar Paul, *Esq.*

In Sempiternum

AMEN

HERE lay Dogbery Pomp,
For a pompous clerk was he;
He's gone to Heaven to sound Amen
With great pomposity.